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Puck

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THE MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

THE MAN IN THE HAT (to the Big 4).—Well, boys; I'm here and I'm going to stay here. That settles it!



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS IS the time when every American citizen who has a vote to cast may do his country a patriot's service by firmly resolving that, so far as he is concerned, the coming presidential campaign shall be conducted in a cleanly and decent manner. Perhaps you may not think that a single private citizen has much to do with the conduct of the campaign, and you may fear that, unless an overwhelming majority of such citizens join in making this resolution, the example of the individual will be of little worth. But this is a great mistake. All that is necessary is that enough citizens shall come to this determination to form the leaven that leavens the whole lump of the body politic; and this number is not necessarily large. To teach people a new and unwelcome duty is a difficult thing: to remind them of a duty they have long known, understood and accepted, is comparatively an easier matter. One man has often turned a mob from the path of violence, who, with a hundred to help him, could hardly have trained a willing regiment into decent efficiency. That is because the mob knows its duty to the law, even if, for the moment, it is forgetful or defiant.

Now, the American voter knows that the excess of passion into which he lashes himself once every four years is unworthy, undignified, and degrading to himself, as a man and as a citizen. An angry man, at the best, is a blind creature, and the man who in his anger loses self-control, the power of judgement and the sense of fairness, honor, and decent charity which guides him in his soberer moments, is not only a pitiful spectacle, but a mischievous and dangerous human energy. And yet for just such spectacles of misdirected ardor few American citizens have to look beyond their own gates, in the year of a presidential campaign. There must be a great deal of self-respect among our male citizens, to survive the strain which they put upon it during these periods. Of course, due allowance must be made for the easy exaggeration of words spoken in the heat of even the most honest and generous enthusiasm. But making all such allowance, and taking into consideration the blunt forcefulness of a frank-spoken people, we wish to give it as our deliberate opinion that if every American citizen had to go through the presidential campaign with a phonograph in good working order attached to his person, immediately under his chin; and had afterward, in the calm hours of the next "off-year," to listen to the faithful record of that tell-tale machine, and to hear the things he had said about honest and honorable public servants who happened not to be of his political faith, there would be such a taking to the woods in shame and remorse, that, from the snow-clad Rockies to the pine-clad hills of Maine, every eligible hermitage would be pre-empted within six weeks.

Of course, it may be said that hard words break no bones. Perhaps they don't, but they break and bruise and damage and deteriorate a good many other things. They play the mischief with self-respect, and with the habit of thoughtful judgement, and with good manners, and with good taste, and with neighborly kindness, and with those decent principles of self-restraint on which our whole social system is based. Throwing of pitch does not break any bones, either, but it defiles all the same — defiles alike the man on whom the foulness falls, and the man who dips his angry hand in the pitch-pot. And if it breaks no bones, it certainly mends none. It pleases no one, cures nothing, helps nothing, accomplishes nothing, except what is mischievous and regrettable. And if you do not believe this, cast your eye over the history of the last few presidential campaigns, which have witnessed, perhaps, the liveliest slinging of the most incredibly nasty pitch recorded in our political annals, and judge for yourself whether or no that pitch-slinging has helped any man, strengthened any party, advanced any cause or brought about any end except the degradation of our public manners.

This is a peculiarly proper time to make an appeal for the establishment of decent, manly, self-respecting methods of fight for the coming period of conflict. According to present indications, we are likely to have a presidential campaign which will give no excuse for rancorous abuse or reckless slander. As things look now, two men who have already filled

the presidential chair will be pitted against each other as candidates for the Chief-Magistracy. It will therefore be impossible to say of either of them that he is "an untried man," and so, presumably, incompetent or unfit. Both of them have been upon the campaign pillory, and every unpleasant truth, and every practical working lie that could be discovered or devised to injure either of them has been told and retold. When we add that, in spite of all this telling and retelling, these men still live, and enjoy the respect, affection, and confidence of their friends, relatives and followers, it casts a startling light on the American voter's real estimate of the importance of the things he says in campaign time. Nor may either of these men — should they both enter the field on this occasion — be consigned to political damnation on his party's account. Since these two public men came to the front as presidential possibilities, both parties have been in power, and if either had been traitorously willing and able to wreck the country, the wrecking would have been accomplished long ago. In the coming campaign, if it is to be conducted under such conditions as we may at present forecast, a man will have to get mad enough to see black spots in front of his eyes before he can stand up, without laughing, and seriously accuse his political opponent of a secret desire to overthrow the Constitution of the United States of America.

This, it seems to us, offers a rare opportunity to initiate, by way of a novelty, such a contest for the choice of a President as our forefathers had in view when they established our present system of popular government; which was surely not the undignified, ungracious, unreasonable war of vilification and loose language that we have chosen to make it. What can we do to this end? Well, we can each of us make up his particular individual mind to do one man's best for decency, truth and fair speech. One man's best counts for a great deal in such work as this, because it has the work of countless other men and generations behind it. The man who tries to keep his mouth from foul and false words, in the heat of this next struggle, will find his help and strength in the moral consciousness of the people. He will not waste his powers in attempting the impossible; his is not a work of innovation; he is not to be classed with the fanatic, the theorist, or the unpractical agitator. His duty will be to remind people of what they know already; and even though they may be tempted to shut their eyes to it for one unworthy moment, it is something they do not wish wholly to forget, and in the end they will thank him for keeping it alive in their minds. And, if he performs this duty in a decent and manly way, without vanity or arrogance, he will find the conscience and education of the whole people behind him to uphold his example; and he will do a good citizen's work for "decent politics," "political purity," and "honesty in public affairs."



A LOST CUSTOMER.

MRS. SUTHERLAND (making purchase for her husband). — Have you Hanky-Panky shaving soap?

ZEALOUS CLERK. — Yes, Ma'am; but here is some of our own make. If you use it once, you will never have any other.

A CRITIC ON NATURE.



OLD NATURE 's dear and good
enough,
To love her is a duty;
But all this fol-de-rol and stuff
About her endless beauty
Quite sickens me; for often I,
A-dream in by-ways sunny,
Observe a tone along the sky
That 's funnier than funny.

I like old Nature when she can't
Provoke my honest strictures —
When, conscientious, I can chant
Her charms as seen in pictures.
When I am sure her dreamy tones
Of sky and middle distance
Are equal to the tones of Jones,
They 'll be beyond resistance.

Those clouds that right and left I see
In grouping and in movement,
Beneath the hand of Brown Magee
Would show a vast improvement.
Old Nature in the studios
Of Robinson McKesson
Could gain a point on afterglows,
On setting suns a lesson.

I laugh at Nature and her themes,
Until I think I 'm fainting;
I only like her when she seems
To imitate a painting.
Her foaming sea to me is wool
And like a flock of poodles.
You ought to see the beautiful
Marines by Toodles Toodles.

I love her in the Autumn glow
Of flames all turvy topsy,
For then she kindly holds, I know,
The mirror up to Cropsey.
When this she does, her praise I sing;
And, no more pessimistic,
I idolize the dear old thing
For being so artistic.

R. K. Munkittrick.



A BAFFLING STUDY.

ALL EXTANT philosophical observations on honest men are practically worthless, and it is sadly certain that future observations will be equally without value. We have many heavy thinkers and deep students capable of the investigation; but trying to study honest men is like trying to study that rare and peculiar insect, the *retilia appomatus*; because it is very difficult to find a specimen to study; and, when one is found, it is impossible to tell if it is n't something else.

The parallel between honest men and the *retilia appomatus*, is, indeed, quite perfect throughout.

Williston Fish, Pessimist.

A ROMANTIC MOMENT.

"Your eyes are my only books," said the poet.

"Blue books are not interesting reading, generally," she returned softly. And he—well, he was glad her mama had fallen asleep.

VERY EXACT.

VALET.—Wake up, sir; it 's very late! The time you wanted to be called has gone past, sir.

PELHAM PARKER (*sleepily*).—All right, Henry; just call me when the time comes around again.

DOWERLESS.

HARD-UP PAINTER (*to OLD FRIEND*).—Yes, Chaffee, I am wedded to my art.

OLD FRIEND.—Confound you, d'Auber; I always told you that you would some day marry a poor girl!

A WOMAN'S WILL always has a lot of codicils to it.

THE BUNDLE on the end of a stick is a pretty sure sign of the man who has lost his grip.



MATRIMONIAL AMENITIES.

CHATTERTON (*lecturing*).—You never hear *me* talk to myself!
MRS. CHATTERTON (*somewhat given to the habit*).—I don't blame you, either.

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

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CHAPTER III.

"Have we forgotten anything?" asked Mrs. Brown of Mr. Brown, as they hurried, in a nervous, frightened way through the soft blue-gray mist of the Summer morning, making for the railroad station.

Paul Brown thought for a moment.

"I don't think we have forgotten a solitary thing," said he.

It would have been strange if they had. For one week they had done nothing but plan the details of their elopement. They had thought it all out, just as if it had been a novel of which they were to be the hero and heroine. For one year, one happy, free, irresponsible year, they were to drop out of their own private little world of respectability and dullness into that great outside world where things "happen" to people. For that year they had made every provision that could suggest itself to two youthful imaginations, stimulated by a diet of twenty-five and fifty cent novels. Like the two little shy, secretive squirrels that they were, they had planned with a forethought that would have astonished people better skilled in the ways of the world. They had neglected nothing to insure absolute freedom and absolute privacy for twelve good months. They had left no clue to their destination; for their destination was to be determined by chance.

They were prepared for all possible contingencies which might call for the use of money, for Paul had picked out half a dozen country banks, conveniently situated in the Middle and New England States, in each of which he had made a deposit in the name of an imaginary Mr. Parkins, to be drawn against by an imaginary son of the imaginary Mr. Parkins, an invalid traveling for his health, for whom Paul had constructed a very natural-looking signature. And if by chance the daily papers got hold of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Brown, the young Philadelphia millionaire, and his wife, there would be nothing to connect that sensation with the appearance of a gentleman calling himself Mr. Parkins, at the counter of the Lonetown and Stray Corners Bank, for the purpose of drawing a draft to meet his traveling expenses.

Yes, it was all very well thought out, and nothing had been forgotten; but after they had passed through the old town, with its comfortable whitewashed houses, all asleep, except for the just-opening morning-glories, and, mounting the embankment on which the station stood, looked back at the red chimney of their own house, just topping the young trees, there was a queer little feeling at the two hearts of the Runaway Browns that they did not understand at all; but which any one who had ever had a home could have told them was the first beginning of homesickness. You see, in a certain sense, they *had* forgotten something.

But, as the six o'clock train came up, they got on it and it went choo-chooing off with them, and they had no idea that what was troubling them internally was anything more than the natural result of starting off without breakfast.

They had procured tickets for the Junction, where the main line crossed their little branch road and led off into the great wide world. They reached the Junction at seven o'clock and took their first taste of the fare of the adventurous. In a small, dark, dirty eating-house, opposite the station, each of the Browns consumed two musty eggs, a slab of dead oat-meal and a saleratus-infected biscuit, and drank a cup of something which tasted brown and called itself coffee.

"Well, we ate it," said Paul, when they came out.

"Yes, dear," said Adèle; "and it seems to me that we ate a good deal of smell, too."

They bought no tickets at the junction. They had decided to take

the first train going north, and to pay their fare to the first station at which it would stop outside of the state. But the first train north did not seem to be in a hurry to come along; and so they walked up and down the platform and looked at the other people.

"Paul," said Adèle, suddenly, in a hurried whisper, "I think we've found them."

"Found whom, dear?" inquired her startled husband.

"The people things happen to," whispered Adèle.

She pointed to a group of nine persons huddled together at the extreme end of the platform. They certainly did look, not only like people to whom things might happen, in general, but like people to whom something in particular had very recently happened — something in the nature of a moral earthquake, for instance. They all wore expressions of discontent and perplexity, except one, a tall, lank, active man with an enormous black moustache, who seemed to be talking to the other eight in an encouraging, hopeful, vehement sort of way which produced absolutely no impression upon any one of them.

The tall man was the sort of man that one would naturally take — or avoid — for a particularly pushing specimen of lightning-rod agent or tree-peddler; but the personal appearance of his companions puzzled the Browns as much as it interested them. There were

four ladies and four gentlemen. The gentlemen were all clean-shaven — so clean shaven that their four chins were positively blue. They were a fat, middle-aged man, a slim young man, a man who looked as if he might be thirty, and a long gaunt man with an extremely prominent nose, set slightly askew in a face that was curiously crooked, and yet curiously agreeable. No human being could have guessed this last man's age within ten years. Of the ladies, one was stout and mature; of the other three, two were comparatively and one positively young, and all decidedly good-looking. In fact, the youngest one, who wore her curly hair quite short, was a very pretty girl.

The clothes of these eight people were calculated to attract attention. They were both light and loud. In the matter of trousers the men were particularly unconventional, and the hats of the ladies astonished Adèle. But even had they worn the quietest of clothes, there was something about those people that, in a strange indescribable way, set them apart from their fellow-creatures. It was not only the men's blue chins; it was not that the hair of all the four ladies had a singularly unlikable appearance, like the tow wigs that dolls wear; nor was it even that they all had an odd dryness and dullness of complexion that made one think of wax fruit in certain stages of deterioration — it was not one of these things, it was not all of them; but it was something which seemed to express itself in their whole bearing and carriage, as if a curious sort of self-consciousness was coming out like a rash all over them.

"Did you ever see real actors off the stage?" asked Adèle under her breath.

"No," said Paul; "but I should think those people must be actors. If they are n't, what else can they be?"

"We might walk up and down the platform," said Adèle, slipping her hand into Paul's arm.

They both of them felt a funny little thrill of half-guilty, half-delightful excitement. It was simply human nature. There is no human being born without the longing to "get behind the scenes": to see the actor in his daily life: to know the real side of that queer world of unreality. Those who have been there are generally very willing to testify that the people who sit in front of the curtain get the most for their money, but nobody ever believes them.

Paul and Adèle walked to the end of the platform. There they found that the interesting strangers were standing in front of the open door of the express office. Just

outside the door was a pile of trunks of unfamiliar design, several of which were marked in large letters: "Runyon's Dramatic Aggregation."

Adèle pressed Paul's arm.

"They are," she said.

The man with the big moustache was still talking energetically.

"I tell you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it's all right. You know me, don't you?"

"Runyon," said the tall man with the crooked nose, who seemed to speak for the rest of the party, "we know you too blooming well. That's what's the matter."



The man with the crooked nose was undoubtedly an Englishman. He had a high singsong voice that was as odd as his face.

"Well, then," said Mr. Runyon, grasping him by the lapel of his coat, with eager friendliness, "if you know me, you know I've got out of worse holes than this."

"May be you 'ave, Runyon," said the man with the crooked nose; "may be you 'ave not. We cast no aspersions on your managerial skill. But on this occasion, dear boy, you 'ave our ultipomatum. Breakfast, dear boy, breakfast! Or I 'ock my fiddle, and back goes the Aggregation to the metropolis."

"Now, look here, Slingsby," pleaded Mr. Runyon, earnestly, "be a rational man and control your stummick until we get to Tunkawanna. As soon as I get hold of these confounded trunks, we'll start; and when we get to Tunkawanna, I'll blow you all off to the finest breakfast you ever had in your lives. See?"

Mr. Slingsby lifted from the platform a well-worn violin case, and, opening it, he drew forth the instrument.

"This has taken me 'ome before this," he said. "It takes this Aggregation 'ome now, unless you produce for the breakfast."



The Browns were walking back to the other end of the platform.

"Paul," said Adèle, in a shocked voice, "those people ought to have their breakfast. Think how *we* felt; and we only had to wait an hour."

"Yes, my dear," said Paul; "but I can't go and offer them breakfast, you know. It might wound their pride."

"No, dear," said Adèle; "but could n't you go and offer to lend something to the — the man who has them in charge? I'm sure he's in a shocking position. Perhaps he's lost his pocket-book."

"Well," said Paul, rather dubiously, "I might go and see what's the matter."

"Go now," said Adèle, quickly. "See, he's left the others. I'm sure he's going to do something desperate."

Paul hurried off to Mr. Runyon, and caught him just as he was leaving the platform. A minute after that Adèle noticed that Mr. Runyon had Paul by the lapel of his coat and was talking to him as earnestly as he had been talking to Mr. Slingsby. After a few minutes Paul came back to Adèle. His manner betrayed some excitement.

"It's a most outrageous case of persecution," said Paul. "This man Runyon has invested all the savings of his lifetime in taking this company out on a tour of the provinces."

"The provinces?" said Adèle. "What are the provinces?"

"Well," said Paul, doubtfully, "so far they seem to be New Jersey. Anyway, that's what he said. And he paid a man in New York ten thousand dollars for a play — it's called 'A Perfect Pet' — and he had a partner who was going to put up half the money, and the partner's run away and left him in the lurch; and now he's got so far on his trip, and some brute of a hotel-keeper is suing him for some debts that his partner contracted when he was here once before; and the man's got a judgement on his trunks for \$37.15. And they had nothing but paper in the house last night."

"What does that mean?" asked Adèle.

"I don't know," said Paul; "but it must be something in the nature of notes. He did n't get any cash, anyway. And now he says the play is on the very verge of a great success, and they're certain to make a lot of money at Tunkawanna to-night, if he can only get his trunks and get

there. He says that of course he could stay here and fight the lawsuit, and he can get plenty of money from New York, but that will take time; and if he misses his engagement to-night, his whole tour will be ruined and he'll lose all the money he has invested. I think he said he put \$39,000 into the play."

"Dear me!" said Adèle; "it's the meanest thing I ever heard of! Could n't you go to the hotel-keeper and explain it to him?"

"I am afraid that would n't do much good," said Paul; "but I could lend Mr. Runyon the money he needs to pay the judgement. I proposed that to him; of course it was a very delicate matter — but he was very nice about it. He'll give me his note, of course. And then —"

"Well?" queried Adèle.

"Why, he says," continued Paul, "that it's a splendid opening for a partner."

"For a partner?" queried Adèle, in amazement.

"Yes," said Paul, with heightened color; "for a partner."

"But, Paul, dear," said Adèle, dubiously, "is n't it just like that other business you wanted to go into — flogging? drumming? — What did you call it? How can you be an actor's partner, if you are n't an actor yourself?"

"But, my dear," said Paul, "he's not an actor, he's a manager; don't you see?"

"Yes," said Adèle, "but you are n't. How can you be partners with a manager?"

"Why," said Paul, "don't you understand? It's just like my business with the syndicate. I know all about my patents, and I put up that knowledge against their capital. Now this is a precisely similar case. This man knows all about the business of managing, and he puts up that against my capital. He's been thirty years in the business. Now he puts up all that experience against my capital."

"But do you think that's quite fair to the man, Paul?" asked Adèle, looking a little worried, "if he puts up all those thirty years experience and you put up only \$37.15?"

"Oh, well," said Paul, with some embarrassment, "it will be a little more than that. He says they'll probably need a little ready money to start with. And then, you know, we need n't consider it from a business point of view. And, of course, we can dissolve partnership whenever we're tired of traveling with them."

Adèle opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, are we going to travel with them?"

"Why, of course, that's the idea," said Paul.

"What, with all those — ladies?" asked Adèle.

"Why," said Paul, "don't you like them?"

"Oh, ye-es," said Adèle, in a doubtful tone. She looked hard at the four ladies for a moment. Then her face brightened.

"I suppose, Paul," she said, "that if they make a great deal of money at Tunk — what's its name? — they'll buy this year's hats?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," said Paul. "Are n't those this year's hats?"

"No, dear," replied Adèle, very decidedly, "they're not — not the least little bit in the world. And I'm sure," she added reflectively, "I don't know what year's hats they are."

"Well, dear, what do you say?" demanded Paul.

Adèle reflected for a moment.

"We wanted to have something happen," she said. "Well, Paul, I think, we've got our chance."



(To be continued.)

ONLY A SAMPLE.

AUNT FURBY LOW (*at art-store window*).—Did you ever! Look at that little bit of a picture! It's marked two hundred dollars.

UNCLE SI LOW (*with an air of superiority*).—That means by the gross.

MODERN DEMOCRACY is a system under which people elect representatives to receive the orders of the boss.

A HANDY MAN AT THE FAIR — Moses P.



Gay and festive appearance of Mr. Howson Lott's residence, during the first month after having gas put in.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN LONELYVILLE.



Dark and gloomy appearance of Mr. Howson Lott's residence, the evening after receiving the first month's gas bill.

OPENLY CLOSED.

DIPSO.—How do you know that the corner saloon was closed last Sunday?

NIPSEAU.—Everything was wide open so you could see clear enough.

JACK.—Ethel's face is one that grows on one.
MAUD.—Perhaps; but it never grew on her. It is hand-made.

WRINKLES ON the brow are Time's endorsement of the note for borrowed trouble.

"MY BOKE AND MY DEVOCION."

"Her face is like an open book,"
They told me, who had learned to read it.
The gentle task I undertook,
And, now, I'm willing to concede it.

It is a dainty Elzvir,
Illumed with colors I can see come;
A little blush that tells me clear
I want it for a *Vade mecum*!

Harry Romaine.

CURIOUS FACTS.



THE DAILY PAPERS occasionally print interesting items under the head of *Curious Facts*. The subjoined paragraphs, which are entitled to a place under that head, are now published for the first time:—

In Claresville, this Spring, a farmer found under the hay in his barn a hen that had evidently been buried there last Summer. The fowl was not only as dead as the Silver Bill, but it had not laid a single egg during its long imprisonment.

A lady, while bathing at the seashore last season, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger. A few days ago a large fish was caught near the spot; and when it was cut open, much surprise was naturally manifested when it was discovered that the missing ring was "not in it."

A young woman in this city, recognizing her lover's pull at the doorbell, went in person to admit him. During her brief absence, her mischievous little brother stole into the parlor, and placed a hunk of soft molasses candy on the big rocking chair. When the young lady's lover entered the room, he deliberately took a seat on the sofa, and the girl's little brother picked up his candy and left the room in disgust.

A young man, employed by a large firm, took two thousand dollars from his employer's safe, and staked it all on a horse race. He won three thousand dollars. The money he took from the safe was his own.

Last Winter, a poor but respectable young man saved the life of a wealthy old gentleman by dragging him from in front of a moving locomotive at a railway station. The rich man took the rescuer's address, and a month ago he died. When his will was read, it was found that he had left \$700,000 to charity, and not a cent to the young man who had saved his life.

During a thunder storm last week, three men took shelter under a large tree. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning and a terrible crash of thunder, and four cows standing in a field were killed. The three men under the tree were not hurt.

J. H. Williams.

"OH, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE!"

HELEN.—Just listen to that soprano! What good would the "wings of a dove" do her? She must weigh two hundred pounds.

JACK.—Probably she wants them to trim a hat with.

THE TESTIMONY of an expert on experts is something that would save the jury much confusion.

ALWAYS SELF-POSSESSED—All the virtues that our neighbors lack.



A JOYOUS OCCASION.

NEIGHBOR.—Why, what are you celebrating, Pettingill? The Fourth is n't here yet!

MR. PETTINGILL.—Our cook has been with us a year to-day, and she does n't show any signs of leaving yet!

ROAST, COLD, WARMED, STEW, HASHED, SOUP.

LANDLADY.—Why did you bring your note-book to the table, Mr. Pertman?

MR. PERTMAN.—I noticed that we are to have roast turkey for dinner. I wish to keep tally of the different ways it will be served before it finally passes from view.

HAD PRETTY BRIDESMAIDS.

SHE (after the wedding).—Let's extend our wedding tour to Utah, so we can see Salt Lake City.

HE.—Good idea! Let's take the bridesmaids along.

A PROMISING YOUNG FINANCIER.

LITTLE AGNES.—You're a pig, Harry. You only gave me a quarter of the apple!

HER BROTHER (sarcastically).—May be you want a receiver appointed! Ain't you satisfied with a 25 per cent. dividend?

ONE MAY BE as safe on board ship as in his own home; but there is no jumping-off place in case of disaster.

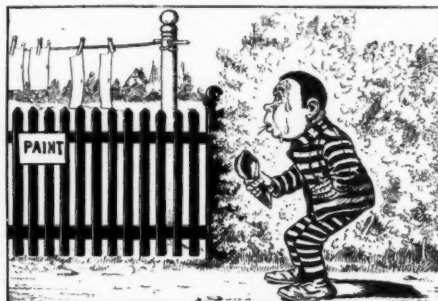
A TELL-TALE START — "Once Upon a Time."

A FORGED CHECK.

HOW THE INGENIOUS CONVICT MADE A LIGHTNING CHANGE.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

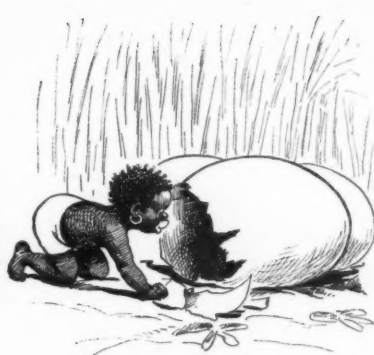


V.

AN AFRICAN TRANSFORMATION.



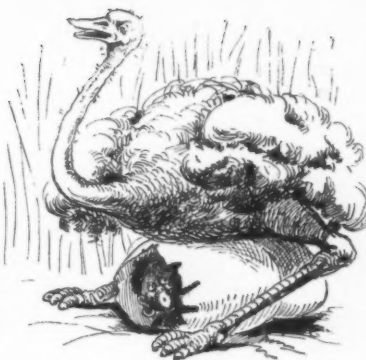
You see here little Kela Beg,
Who sucked a great big ostrich egg.



When he got through, he cried out: "Well,
There's room for me inside that shell!"



Just then the mother bird he spied,
And made great haste from her to hide.



The ostrich never sets on eggs,
But this one did — to rest her legs —

BOY LIFE ON A FARM.

FARMER'S BOY. — Kin I go
fishin', Dad?

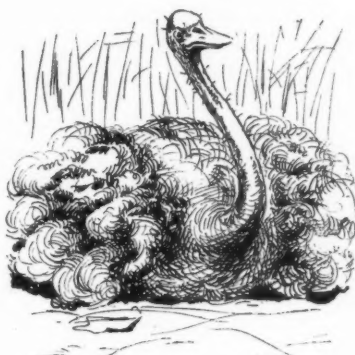
FARMER. — Is th' parstur'
fence all laid up?

FARMER'S BOY. — Yes, Dad;
every panel of it. Kin I go?

FARMER. — Is th' seed corn
shelled?

FARMER'S BOY. — Ev'ry ear
of it. Kin I go?

FARMER (*reluctantly*). —
Yes; dig yer bait in th' garden
'n' throw th' stones up side o' th'
fence.



And thought, since once she had begun,
She'd keep it up till she was done.

A HINT TO HIRED MEN.

Abraham Lincoln split rails;
but if, after splitting them, he
had sat around on the fence made of them, he would never have become
President.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

STRANGER. — I believe, sir, that every man who was in the army
ought to have a pension, whether he was injured or not.

CITIZEN. — Are you a soldier?

STRANGER. — No, sir; I am a pension attorney.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I wonder how Hawkins got his invitation to
the Van Steenburgs reception?"
"Robbed the mails, I guess."

BIZ.

Although the earth is green and gay
With bird and brook in tune,
The clergyman won't go away
Before the end of June.

All through the moon of roses white
And red, on deck he'll be
To gather in his great delight —
The shining wedding fee.

R. K. M.

AND THAT IS SILVER.

"There are fifty-one metals," casually
remarked a man at the breakfast
table in a Washington hotel.

"Sir," quickly responded the Senator from
Nevada; "there is but one metal."

AGENTS WANTED.

MR. GOWIT. — I am going to join the Society for the Prevention
of Crime.

REGGY RIVERSIDE. — Great Cæsar! What for?

MR. GOWIT. — So that I can paint the town and have my expenses
paid.

A FEMININE EQUIVALENT.

JACK LEVER. — Then you did n't move on the first of May?

MR. LOTOS. — No; my wife said that if she took up all the carpets
and took down all the curtains, and turned the house upside-down,
generally, she thought we could get along without moving, this year.

WHEN WOMEN vote, they will spend so much time in the collection of
sample tickets, that it will give them all the joys of a shopping tour.

IN BOSTON.

JACKSON PARKE. — Do you
know Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?

ATHENIA HUBBS. — No. I
don't care for these French writers
very much.

EXPENSE NO OBJECT.

TANTIVY TOOLER. — You
ought to go to Europe this year;
it's cheaper than staying home.

JACK LEVER. — Yes; that's
why I prefer to stay home.

APT TO BE.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG —
A French Novel.

A RHYMESTER'S WISH.

I wish some god or devil
Would get some sort of derrick,
And raise me to the level
Of men like Bobby Herrick.

Carlyle Smith.



SHE DID N'T NEED IT.

MUSIC TEACHER. — One — two — three; one — two — three;
rest —

MISS NEWRICH (*taking her first lessons*). — Oh, I'm not
tired, Perfesser! I could keep this up all day.

PUCK.



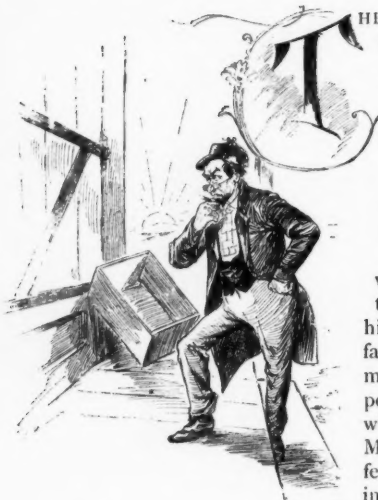
HIS LAST CHA

PUCK.—Come, David; stop sulking and join the excursion.



ST CHANCE.
d join the excursion — it's the best you can do.

A TOUCH OF CASTILIAN POLITENESS.



THE MEAN MERCHANT of Cornshuck Corners was in a bad humor. He had had a severe attack of indigestion that morning, had sworn at his wife and children and kicked over his chair as he left the breakfast table. When he reached his store he found the doors unopened, because his only clerk, whom he was in the habit of bulldozing daily, was sick in bed.

He was, consequently, in a fine humor when the neatly dressed representative of the Parrott Cracker Company called upon him to sell him some of the goods manufactured by that establishment. The Drummer, who was an ordinary-looking sort of person, was, of course, in ignorance of what had occurred that morning, and the Mean Merchant's face did not express his feelings in the least; it was as dark and impenetrable a mystery as the Sphinx.

Into this unseen danger, therefore, the Commercial Traveler walked with the happy air of unconcern and lightheartedness which generally characterizes the members of that large brotherhood of wanderers. He was polite and thoroughly at home, of course; and it was not long before he told the Mean Merchant a joke, for that was his style.

At its conclusion there was a depressing absence of laughter and tumultuous applause; the audience merely grunted. But that did not worry the Drummer, for he was used to it. Perhaps the fault lay in the joke. Anyhow, he told another with the same mournful result.

"How are you off for crackers?" he finally asked.

"Ain't off at all, and I don't want any blank crackers," was the reply.

"But perhaps you will be," suggested the Drummer, cheerfully, as he hoisted up his sample case and slapped it on the counter with a business-like whack; "and, besides, we have gotten out a new article this season that is just the thing you need; it is selling everywhere like hot cakes, and is the very thing for your trade."

"What do you know about my trade?" growled the Merchant. Then



ACCOMMODATING.

WALKABOUT WALKER.—Say, young feller, won't you give me a lift?

ELEVATOR BOY.—Certainly! Step in. Which floor?



MAKING A PURCHASE.

MRS. SHOPPELL (after the entire contents of the store have been shown her).—Well, you don't appear to have exactly what I want; but as you have gone to so much trouble, I feel that I should buy something—give me three one-cent stamps.

he added, fiercely: "Look here! I'm tired of this; you get out of here and get out pretty quick, and take your blankety-blank traps with you!" And he advanced from behind the counter and started toward the Drummer, who was still talking away with the blithesomeness of an innocent, prattling child.

When he reached him, however, the latter by a movement as quick as it was unpretending, hit the Mean Merchant of Cornshuck Corners under the jaw, knocking him about ten feet. "The name of this new cracker," he went on, "is the 'Gossamer;' and they are so light that you can take one of them between your fingers and blow it up to the ceiling; children cry for them; adults who have once used them will take no other, knowing that there is no adulteration in the materials of which they are composed." He caught the now justly incensed Merchant squarely on the nose as he came at him, and landed him among the galoshes. "Our sales, so far, have been unprecedented; why one firm alone"—two of the Merchant's store teeth flew over into the prune box—"sold two thousand boxes in three months, and we have orders"—bang! crackle! crash! as they grappled and fell into the lamp chimneys—"for so many of them that we can hardly"—biff! as they hit the floor and rolled over and over—"supply the demand."

"Now we are particularly desirous, sir," continued the Drummer, with a pleasant smile, as he adjusted himself comfortably on top of the prostrate and exhausted Merchant, "to make you a sale; I feel certain that you will like our goods, because they are first-class in every respect. We have all the different grades that are sold, and we will make you a special discount of six per cent. off for cash. What do you say?"

"Blankety-blank-blank you! are you going to let me up?" gasped the Merchant.

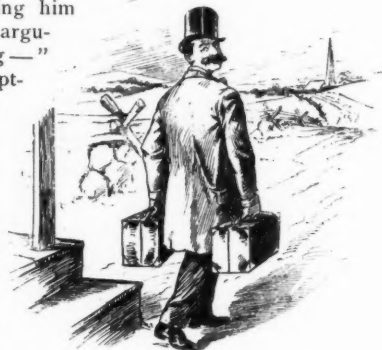
"Well, now," said the Drummer, cocking his eye at him and regarding him thoughtfully; "that's a subject for argument. However, as I was saying—"

"Pardon me, sir, for interrupting you," said the Merchant, suddenly; "but I believe you wished to know how I was off for crackers. Upon reflection I think that I am nearly out; but I can not really tell what I need until I look over my stock. If you will kindly wait until I can do so I will take great pleasure in giving you an order."

"Certainly, sir," replied the Drummer, as he got up and commenced whistling a low, sweet refrain.

Then he took a large order from the Mean Merchant of Cornshuck Corners and proceeded on his way rejoicing, for that was his way.

Lester L. Farnsworth.





AS IT IS OBSERVED.

JUSTICE FLYNN.—What's the charge, officer?
O'ROURKE.—Breakin' the Sunday Law, yer 'Anner.
JUSTICE FLYNN.—How 's that?
O'ROURKE.—Sure, he wuz tryin' to git into Cassidy's saloon by de front dure instead of de Family Entrance.

A STALWART LAMENT.

OH, what shall we do without Blaine?
What shall we do without James G. Blaine?
Alas, for the odds and the ends that remain!
Surely we're out of it;
(Hardly a doubt of it;)
Dear little Harrison
Ain't no comparison,
Ain't har'ly a patch on Jim Blaine of Maine,
Old try-ag'in, come ag'in,
Never mind Mulligin,
Rebellion—and-rum ag'in
Blaine.

Alas! with our Clarksons and Quays,
We're not in our palmiest days!
Had we only remembered that honesty pays!
And so all is over;
If they should run Grover
We'd just have to hustle
To beat Billy Russell,
We've hardly a show without Blaine of Maine,
Old striving and straining
And always in training,
Aggressive campaigning,
Old Blaine.

But there is a hope for us still
With the aid of our friend, Mr. Hill,
And the little machine he has made with such
skill,
Our efforts abetting—
We're only regretting
They did n't begin it
While Jimmy was in it—
Just to think of Dave Hill vs. Blaine of Maine!
It were almost pathetic
To run that emetic
Against old magnetic
Jim Blaine of Maine,
Against our magnetic old Blaine.

There's just one more thing to explain:
You can't never be sure about Blaine;
A certain uncertainty 'll still remain
As to whether he's left us,
Forever bereft us,
Will never come back ag'in,
Try one more whack ag'in,
Just one more try for Jim Blaine of Maine.
Old try ag'in, come ag'in,
Never mind Mulligin,
Rebellion-and-rum ag'in
Blaine.

Joseph Lee.

There is nothing else in this world so conducive to health and happiness as a mind free from care and trouble. PICKINGS FROM PUCK costs but 25 cents a copy (and there are 7 of them), and the man who reads one of them for 10 minutes a day, will be in utter ignorance of the raveled pant of care. All news-dealers or PUCK, N. Y.

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More durable than pure steel*

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or we will send 12 styles
for 10 cents

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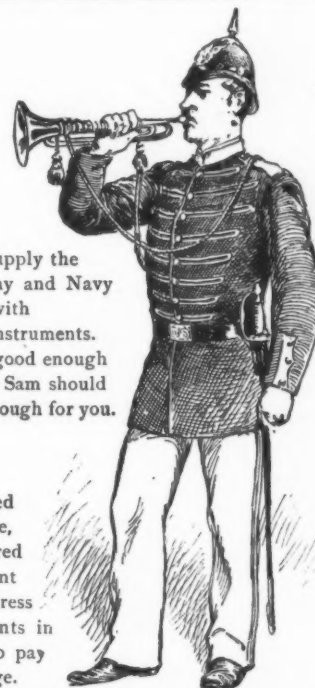


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Pups for Sale.
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for Uncle Sam should
be good enough for you.

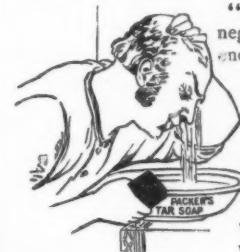
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NEW YORK IN THE FUTURE.
LITTLE MISS GOTHAM.—Won't baby have a good time when he grows up?
MAMA.—Why so, my dear?
LITTLE MISS GOTHAM.—Why, the streets will be all done then.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

AN ABSENT-MINDED JEWELER.
MRS. JUSTRICH.—These diamonds are genuine, of course?

JEWELER.—Certainly; I know the manufacturer personally.—*Jewelers' Circular.*

"WHERE did you shoot these birds?" asked Madam.

"Down in New Jersey," said Mr. Sportly.
"Indeed! I suppose this receipted bill is off one of the birds that got away?" queried Madam.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.



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FUSSY.—Sir, the howling of your dog annoys me dreadfully.

MCGUFF.—It do, do it? May be yez want to get a trained baste thot can play on th' flute!—*Truth.*

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Sauce or Gravy gives
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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Cash or time. Send for list.
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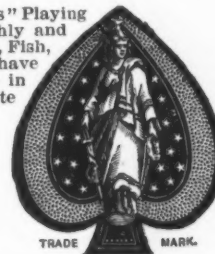


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PEOPLE have to be living very near to the throne before they can enjoy having their faults pointed out.—*Ram's Horn*.

When you feel a general lassitude and breaking down of the system, Angostura Bitters will work a wonderful change. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, M'f'rs. At all druggists.

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SEND FOR SAMPLES.

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THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. 5*

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LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY,

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He allows 6 per cent. interest on all deposits for margin.

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the best remedy is

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

In colds,
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Prompt to Act
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FACTS, NOT FICTION, CONVINCE.



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- 5th. It is especially recommended for physicians' use, and when once used will prove its claims.
- 6th. It is invaluable for shaving, preventing disease, allaying irritation, cleansing and healing in its nature. A sweet, pure and clean skin guaranteed after its use.
- 7th. 'It is used for washing the Hair and Scalp, and acts like a tonic, preventing dandruff, tetter, and eczema; gives to the hair a fine, glossy appearance, prevents its falling, removes excessive oil, and makes the hair soft, light and pliable.
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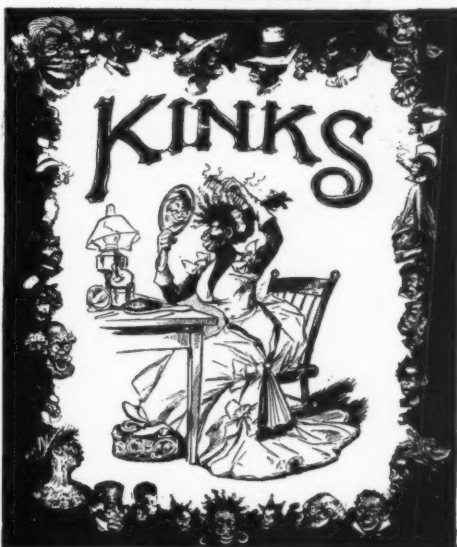
BANKS.—What was the trouble?

TANKS.—He said he would n't live in a place where you did n't have to take anything to fight off malaria.—*Truth.*

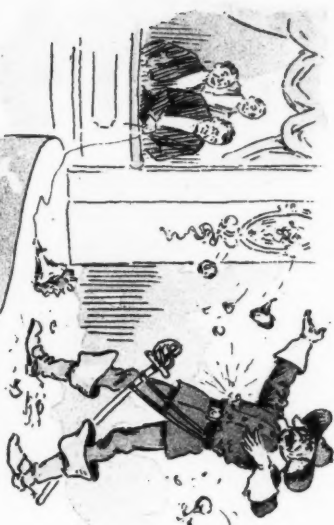
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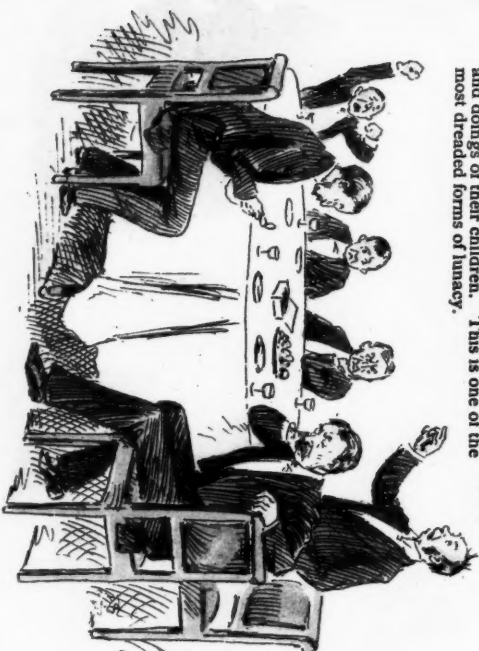
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